

**The
Invisible
Color
of
Thoughts**

By Ty

The World's Oldest Fossil

Let
us
wait and
see
if
a
younger
fossil
is
ready
to
take
the
place
of
the
world's
oldest
fossil,
should
misfortune
befall
that
pulpy
piece
of
history

It
is
hard to
find
out
who
passes
tests
of
time or
deserves
the
benefit
of
the
doubt
when
we
spend
our
almost
hours
trying
to solve
an
odorless
problem

Bound to Miss the Bullseye

Show me a bar without a dartboard. Show me a movie without a gun. Show me the gun that won the west. I wish I could quit asking people if something I say makes sense. Half of every conversation is about what's what yet almost every exchange is bound to miss the bullseye. I'm no more the limby inability to recognize a day as complete than I am the half-filled glass of water sitting beside my bed. Two nights ago I thought: I don't know what time I'm coming home.

Bright Around the Bend

Dreaming
is a time-unhonored tradition
where and when
we recruit random faces
to render characters
as stars
in plays
of unconscious nonsense.

It's sunset
but feels like
a sunrise
for the night.

Who made
the sun
the star
of the day
anyway?

Walking out
a bar of blue
right into
the skyless sky
where it's still
bright around the bend.

Where we still pretend.

The Crumbling Prince

In The
Japanese scarecrow (also known as the scarecrow)
lore has the
lives wingspanned pose and elevated posing
a old clothes
scarecrow statuesque
god silhouette
who and, as the name suggests,
cannot a purpose
walk which is seasonal
yet and strawn
knows to discourage birds
everything from disturbing crops
about and
the world the pumpkinheadishing
thanks t-spread mannequinesqueness
to must
spending give
all some people
its the feelings
time of more famous
outside saviors

The Big Screen of America

Unless	Like	We	In	In
I	the	will	one	another
win	Great	play	vignette,	vignette,
the	Wall	some	a	a
lottery	of	sponsored	pallid	young
I	China	content	man	woman
will	built	to	gets	loses
need	for more	fund	on	her
to	rectangular	the	his	favorite
secure	times,	power	knees	hat,
some	the	for	and	a floppy
investors	screen	viewing	begs	beige
to	will	pleasure	a	crown,
help	attract	along	clock	but
establish	paying	with	tower	can't
The	tourists	vignettes	to	be
Big	from	pulled	strike	bothered
Screen	around	from	him	to
of	the	security	with	go
America	world	footage	lightning	find
				it

Garbage Bag Jackets

The In the consequence of circumstance.
But to keep metaphor to a minimum,
commuters I still can't accept why bad things happen
even though I've asked this question since
in I was a consequenceless preadolescent.
I've yet to find an answer that's as adequate as
their platitudes that keep sadpill news at bay.
Live life for the sake of it I guess but
garbage for lesson? For stories and their retelling?
Slept on a Cheerio last night, ate lunch beside a large pumpkin.
bag Consider what it takes to keep trying your best
even when your body's gone stupid with madness.
jackets Untying all these knots. The grim hours people mostly pass
on their own. No parades on the horizon.
going No compensation. No satisfying explanations.

swish I can't believe something like this can happen to someone like them.

swish I can't believe something like this can happen to someone.

swish I can't believe something like this can happen.

swish I can't believe something like this.

swish I can't.

LIFE LIKE

LIFE IS surprisingly empty

LIKE an oval

LIFE IS achingly brave

LIKE the adventurous baby

LIFE IS crushingly eager

LIKE the preteen spirits

LIFE IS tormentingly keen

LIKE the hormonal teen

LIFE IS vulnerably clever

LIKE a rebuttaling college freshman

LIFE IS affectionately nonchalant

LIKE a new romance

LIFE IS pleasingly useless

LIKE a disgruntled employee zoning out in a meeting

LIFE IS hardily unhappy

LIKE a grandfather who earned his December years

LIFE IS despairingly certain

LIKE someone who knows what they must do

The American Dream (in 10 Easy Steps)

Step 1: Go to school

Step 2: Do well in school socially and academically

Step 3: Start your career

Step 4: Marry your One True Love

Step 5: Find the perfect house and make it your Home

Step 6: Have children

Step 7: Raise your children well

Step 8: Retire

Step 9: Go sailboating around the world

Step 10: Die peacefully on a hospital bed surrounded by loved ones

How Many Bad Ideas

It came into my life like a high-pitched rip. I didn't read it but I definitely agree with it. Though they pumped us full of fantasies, it's time to drag us back into a drab room. Here to promote a general sense of discouragement. The silver to your gold.

Such a wingless liability in all my brash and balderdash. So clearly young and hurried.

Every carnivorous word crafted in a fit of ill humor. Every. Carnivorous. Word. Ready for some unintentional destruction. Filling up notebooks with no conclusion. There is no telling how many bad ideas today became.

The Invisible Store

1. A circus of whistles and wails
2. It evokes some theatrical emotions
3. One wow shy of a miracle
4. Building something all of us can share
5. What an impossible shape
6. This isn't the last time this is going to happen
7. Finally in touch with our inner electricity
8. You went off the deep end with your dependence
9. The best of you remains unused
10. The yes in the eyes
11. Too many fearless people in this area
12. Parched and crawling towards mirage
13. In a bid to remove any unnecessary energy
14. A big watch on a thin wrist
15. It's a smart size but a stupid color
16. No need to hide from it
17. A little too descriptive
18. Deciding whether or not to repair or replace
19. Only the essential bits
20. Who the hell cares how many hours it took

Miniature Midnight Feature

Jaws and *Star Wars* started the blockbuster. Audiences couldn't get enough of the unknowns of ocean and space. They made us afraid of shark invasions, afraid of Darth Vaders. Fear was the first emotion brought forth by the big screen: a life-sized train arriving at La Ciotat Station, charging directly at the audience, who screamed and ran to the back of the room.

Around my kitchen are some props. A broken plate, three clay flower pots, a lamp base designed as a broken plot. And a little fisherman frog sitting on a shelf, dressed in a red handkerchief and blue-and-white plaid overalls. He still hasn't caught anything in all the time he's sat there, line cast adrift, but he doesn't seem to mind the wait. Are frogs ever afraid? They have a pretty dramatic adolescence, what with transforming from a legless armless tad into a tailless amphibian.

Spoiler alert.

Magnolia, which I don't believe is considered a blockbuster, basically ends with frogs raining down on its ensemble cast. Sometimes, flightless animals will fall from the sky.

It Was Decent Conversation

Can't believe those words tumbled out of my mouth in that way. Like pieces of broken green glass. No putting those little mirrors back. No maximum to embarrassment. As if anyone's keeping score. It was decent conversation and I destroyed it.

I never even apologized.

It's the afterthought that almost counts.

Why doesn't everyone take a seat so we can have a listening competition. Please grant me some patience as I install this new perspective.

Blue Painter's Tape

There's something so reptilian about blue painter's tape. It's like a wide long stripe pulled from the hide of a thick blue animal. With rough skin that disguises it in deep blue lakes and deep blue sunsets. With powerful hind legs that help it sprint and leap and kick back boulders down the side of a hill. But the tape itself is so gentle, I can't even stick a single strip to my face. It peels itself off walls so the walls themselves won't peel the way we peel bananas or oranges or old skin. I like to put a whole roll on my wrist. They call me Mister Spinning Blue Bracelet. I must be careful not to pull off too many pieces. I must be careful.

Dolly the Sheep

Dolly
was
a
sheep
cloned
from
another
sheep's
teet
and
died
with
tiny
feet
and
no
debts
except
shepherding
us
toward
a
hoop
of
fire

She
is
survived
by
Dolly
Parton
riding
a
duo
of
horses
to
hop
through
the
hoop
and
let
us
pay
our
dues

Dolly
was
a
guinea
pig,
plucked
into
existence
by
and
from
a
long
line
of
followers

The
science
people
slapped
her
pink
face
and
told
her
she
was
about
to
save
the
human
race

Dolly
was
a
couple
dollar
bills
away
from
becoming
the
creator
of
a
billion
heirs

World Pore Roses (Key to the Imagination City)

Still witnessing the power of imagination to transform the world. A dozen reasons to skip everything you're expected to attend. One part hot, one part cold, maybe it'll start a storm. Allow your favorite language to seep into your every pore. Your world pore roses. Curiosity hot, key to the imagination city. Turning reasons into roaming around. Finding dreams around every corner. A dozen strumming dreams power your every part. Allowing you to yodel, allowing you to yowl.

It Was the Longest Ray the Sun Ever Shone

Rings

Cut me open and count my rings

Brave

That doesn't sound brave

Tears

No tears shed for the extinct mosquito

The global reach of a fallen, orange leaf

Dinosaur

I'm going to pretend like I didn't see the dinosaur

Hiding

Who can tell me what is hiding in the mountain?

Split the mountain in half

Pond

The deep & creepy part of the pond

Light

Seek out the orange light

The city's industrious glow, pretty & polluted

The Many-Eyed Giant

The many-eyed giant preserves itself through vague judgments.

The many-eyed giant inspects as thoroughly as any capable owner.

The many-eyed giant relies on whispers for curly situations.

The many-eyed giant camps in spots safe from handsome injury.

The many-eyed giant spots two slim dimes, growing wide.

The many-eyed giant apologizes for using such sore language.

The many-eyed giant polishes its lenses to avoid uttermost slime.

The many-eyed giant considers its main idea: how many does many imply?

In the Way and Out of Place

You
know
how
it
feels
to
be

part of the problem. To bring an ill fame to these parts. Almost out of excuses for acting like an idiot. At least it's easy to change every bit of who you are overnight. Though no one's going to grade you based on how you handle it.

Don't do the unthinkable. Too many unacknowledged shades of abusive. Don't push the issue. The cure for stupid is sorry.

It feels so much later than it actually is. Only do things where you can see or feel a difference being made. Like scrubbing a beige plate with the rough side of a sponge or stubbing your toe into a new tree's stump. You're allowed to feel gorgeous even if you feel
in
the
way
and
out
of
place. Finally smiling without even trying.

Unblessed

We never saw Earth in its infancy. It is at least flat enough to accommodate our need to build and travel. We created the indoors to surround ourselves in the soothing sounds of sushi consumption. We created nicknames. So endearing and efficient. These are the true heights of human endeavor. Peering over the slim sun as it glows with dust. Flickering lights of inspiration. Stargaze, shoegaze. Looking up and looking down. The light and the sound. I can't stop suffering through the aggressive sneezes of strangers. One cannot go unblessed for too long.

Completely Useless But Beautiful

It was one of those times I wish I could knock on my head to let the thoughts spill out. I had an idea so amazing, an entire lamp popped up above my head. But it was completely useless and no one has time for uselessness. It lacked concrete detail and factual basis. I had waited for this idea for a while. I sat on my living room chair waiting so long my bottom had grown numb. I'm sorry for bringing this up but I can't stop thinking about it and somehow I think sharing it will make it go away.